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sure to let you know. As to the young lady and yourself, we will make out our own plans in due

her dark-eyed daughter, and knew that with her beauty and grace, she would create a sensation.

Mr. Melbourne replied to Edith's letter, and gave it to Edith for her perusal. The invitation was politely, but firmly refused.

In a passion of anger and tears Edith went to seek her mother, knowing that she never failed, in that quarter, to find sympathy if not comfort. Mr. Melbourne soothed her petted daughter with a promise to intercede in her behalf.

Lady Embury was not easily reconciled to being deprived of her sister's society. In a few days there came an epistle from Lord Embury, earnestly entreating that Edith should visit them. Now Mr. Melbourne was not insensible to the influence of wealth and rank; it would not be a small matter to refuse his lordship, without sufficient grounds, therefore poor Edith was electrified by the welcome news that she was to go to London.

When Edith found herself established in her sister's elegant city residence she thought that no one was ever so happy before. The first few days were passed in a round of shopping, and at length Edith rejected in a wardrobe which she declared was sufficiently elegant for the Princess Royal.

"I have an invitation for you, Edith," said Edith, one morning, as they lingered over a late breakfast.

"For me, Edith?"

"Yes, to attend a ball at Lady Clayton's."

"A ball! Oh, delightful! And am I to go?"

"Certainly," replied Lord Embury, pleased at Edith's delight. "Edith and I are very proud to have it in our power to introduce such a bright star."

Edith's blush was very pretty as she replied: "Thank you; but I fear you will be disappointed in my success as a debutante."

Edith looked at her beautiful sister with a tender smile. Any one who beheld Edith's peaceful countenance would divine that she was as happy as many who had married for deep love. Lord Embury was devoted to her; she had money at her command to put to good and charitable purposes, and her life's current flowed calmly on.

Edith anticipated her first ball with childish eagerness. Very lovely she looked in her white silk, with its softness of rich lace, and with diamonds gleaming among her curls and on her neck and arms.

"Edith!" she exclaimed to her sister, who stood beside her, "how can you be so calm when I am wild with ecstasy? I think I should be perfectly happy always to lead such a life."

"Dear Edith, it requires something higher and better than these fleeting pleasures to insure our perfect happiness," said Edith, gently.

"You are so good and wise," Edith said; "I can never hope to be like you."

Lord Embury handed the ladies to the carriage, and they were rapidly whirled away to the scene of festivity.

The Clayton ball was not different from others in fashionable life. There were myriads of flowers and lights, sweet music and throngs of guests.

At first Edith was dazzled and gushed, but Lord Embury introduced many young fashionables to her, her card was soon filled, and she whirling away in the dance. Later in the evening, while promenade with the young and handsome Earl Murray, she chanced to encounter Harry Murrell. Edith knew that he was spending some time in London, and the meeting gave her pleasure. Although she had no vacant set, she promenade with him, and allowed him to wait upon her to supper, to the discomfiture of Earl Murray, who could not see why she should prefer the society of a young barrister to that of a nobleman.

How little we can read the heart of another. While Edith imagined that her sister's thoughts were occupied with visions of coronets laid at her feet, Edith leaned silently back in the carriage, as she rolled homeward, dreaming of Harry Murrell's last look and smile, and the warm pressure of his hand.

Among many other frequent visitors at Lord Embury's was Mr. Murrell. Edith always welcomed him warmly, as an old friend of Edith's, and was utterly unconscious of their mutual attachment.

Earl Murray had become Edith's devotee. He eventually proposed, and he was refused.

"Why did you refuse the Earl, Edith?" said Edith to her sister, as they sat alone one evening.

"I did not love him, Edith."

"He is a noble man. If he perseveres I think he will eventually win your affection, dear," replied Edith, with a smile.

"Never, Edith."

"You do not love any other, Edith?"

Edith did not reply immediately; when she did so her voice trembled a little.

"Yes, Edith."

"And you have kept it a secret from me? Who has won my sister's heart?"

"Harry Murrell, Edith."

"Harry Murrell! Oh, Edith, you cannot mean it. Papa will never consent."

"Because he is poor," rejoined Edith, bitterly.

"Edith, if it is only a fancy, pray give it up. What will papa and mamma say? You are not engaged to him?"

"I have given him my promise. You would not have me marry for wealth, Edith?"

"Oh, no, my darling," replied Edith, impulsively; "perhaps she was thinking of her own experience. My most fervent wish is that you may wed for pure love. I will write to papa, Edith, you know that it must not be kept from him even for a time, and tell him all."

"I suppose that is best," said Edith, in a dreamy, hopeless tone. "If papa should object what would I do?"

"Harry Murrell," replied Edith, firmly. "I will try to forget, even as I am forgotten. I received a few affectionate lines from Robert, saying that he was off for the Crimean war. The old home must now appear—"

"Oh, Edith! Edith!"

"I have called pride to my aid, and strive to appear happy and indifferent to the past, but I cannot. My tears are falling thick and fast; my temples throb, and my hands burn. Oh, could I only lean my head upon your breast, and have a long, good cry! Edith, dear sister, I am so young, only a child, Edith, and I know, acting unchildlike, but I am so very homesick. I long to see you, to be in the old Manor-house once more. The fragrance of the flowers makes me crave for roses from my own little garden; and the song of the birds makes me think of your pet canary. Harry is devoted to me, but he is away all day, and he doesn't think of me. Edith, write me word that I may come home. Tell papa he must forgive and welcome me. Only say I may return, if only for one day, and I'll be myself once more. I cannot write for my tears. Good-by, Edith. Write immediately to your devoted sister."

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Mrs. Melbourne, who was daily growing weaker, beheld her loved daughter's sorrow with

an aching heart. Now that she was drawing so near the shores of eternity, the vanities of this world paled before the glory to be revealed, and she would willingly have given Edith up to her lover, thereby knowing that she would secure her happiness.

But Mr. Melbourne remained obdurate; and when Harry Murrell came down to his uncle's, Mr. May's, for the summer, he was forbidden to visit Melbourne Manor.

The anxiety which Edith had occasioned Lady Embury was quickly succeeded by a heavy affliction. Lord Embury was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and the physicians despaired of his life. Although an upright, conscientious man, he had never professed to be an earnest Christian. Edith daily read and talked with him, and her prayer was ever, "Teach him to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Her fervent prayer was granted. Lord Embury expired clinging to the cross, which promised a golden crown.

Although Edith had never loved her husband with a passionate devotion, his affection had awakened a responsive chord in her heart, and she truly mourned her loss.

Only a few days after Lord Embury had been laid in the ancestral vault, Edith received a telegram informing her that Mrs. Melbourne was dying. She only reached Melbourne Manor in time to receive her mother's last kiss.

Thus she was doubly bereaved.

Edith now felt that her duty lay at home; therefore she disposed of her city mansion and took up her residence at the Manor.

And now, for Edith Embury awaited a succession of trials more depressing. Mr. Melbourne ever more morose after his wife's death. Edith settled down into a gloomy apathy, from which Edith vainly sought to arouse her, and Robert seemed discontented and unhappy.

With patient, trusting heart, Edith exerted herself to bear her own burden uncomplainingly, and to alleviate the sorrows of those she loved; but she feared much of her past influence was gone.

It was Mr. Melbourne's wish that his son should succeed to the Manor, redeem it from debt by years of industry, and pass his life a country squire, as he had done. But Robert longed for the active, exciting life of a soldier, and could not brook so tame an existence. Mr. Melbourne strongly opposed this inclination.

The long summer days crept slowly on, and Melbourne Manor still remained wrapped in gloom.

An unlooked-for event now occurred.

One morning, when Edith arose, she discovered a letter lying upon her dressing-table. It was from Edith, and ran thus:

"I am going away, Edith, away from my dear home, away from you all, Edith. Perhaps you thought I was learning to forget, while my heart was breaking. I see no hope of my father's ever relenting, therefore I take the present step. I know that I am disobeying my father, but he has been to me so kind a parent, that I should sacrifice my life's happiness at the shrine of his pride? I went in and looked at you as you slept, and softly kissed you good-by. Oh! Edith, dear sister, think kindly of me, still love me. Harry and I will be married at once, and start for the North, where he intends to locate and pursue the practice of law. Bid Robert farewell, and ask papa to forgive me. Edith."

Edith was overwhelmed by the suddenness of the blow; she laid her head upon the table, moaning out:

"Oh, sister, little sister!"

After a while she turned herself to the task of informing her father. Mr. Melbourne received the tidings with outward composure. He requested Edith to hold no communication with Edith, and that she should not again mention the subject to him.

"Oh! Edith darling! is this the way in which you are to be shut out from our hearts and home?" said Edith, when she had herself alone.

"Your mother's youngest and best loved, must you endure so hard a fate? Can the love of a husband make up for losing all this? I look down in my heart and can scarce find one atom of blame for my dark-eyed sister far away. I may be more lenient, because our mother loved you so."

After Edith's departure, Robert avowed his intention of entering the army. Mr. Melbourne did not forbid his doing so, but informed him, if he once left Melbourne Manor, he should never enter its doors again. But this threat did not deter the strong-willed youth. A week later he started for Crimea.

Edith Embury felt that she was indeed desolate.

Timid and retiring by nature, she vainly endeavored to throw off the reserve which still hung between her father and herself. She contributed to his comfort in every way in her power, but he still remained cold and gloomy.

A whole long month elapsed, and Edith anxiously awaited a letter from her sister. At length it came.

"My darling Edith,—imagine me seated in the dearest little sanatorium, with the sweet perfume from the many blossoming vines without the open window wafted in to me upon the breeze, and multitude of birds singing in the shrubbery for my benefit. Yes, here we are, settled down in a beautiful little cottage in—shire. Harry succeeds very well in his business, and I am becoming a model housekeeper. To be sure yesterday I put a teaspoon of salt in the pudding instead of sugar, but Harry says every one makes some mistakes. Why have you not written to me? I suppose you are all trying to forget me because I have been so naughty a girl. If you do not reply to this, I will try to forget, even as I am forgotten. I received a few affectionate lines from Robert, saying that he was off for the Crimean war. The old home must now appear—"

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Edith felt that her sorrows were indeed heavy, her trials great. Her loved and petted sister was lonely and sad, and she was denied even affording her the comfort of a letter. Prayer was her unfailing resort in time of trouble, and her petition now was:

"Let Thy mighty hand lead us all in ways that we know not of, into the valleys of Thy comfort and peace."

Edith's letter arrived at an opportune time. For some days Mr. Melbourne had been confined to his room, with a low, slow fever. Edith was constantly with him, and her presence seemed to soothe him. She now returned to his apartment, and found him sleeping. After while he opened his eyes and gazed around, saying:

"Edith!"

Edith bent over her father; she thought that his mind was still wandering.

"It is I, dear papa."

"Oh, yes," he replied, in a sad tone. "I had forgotten! The past seems like a dream. Would that it were, that some portions could be blotted out. I would lead a different life."

Sickness had deeply humbled the heart of the proud man, who had lived solely for self.

Edith felt that she must take advantage of this precious moment of softening.

"Papa," she said gently, "I received a letter from Edith this morning. She again begs your forgiveness, and—Have you any message for her, papa?"

"Yes. I have been harsh and cold to those I should have most loved and cherished; but I will strive to make amends. Tell Edith to come home, that I, her father, long to see her; and Robert, Edith, my poor boy, from whom we have received no tidings since he left us. He is in the midst of danger. Write to him also; assure him of my forgiveness, and that should he be spared, Melbourne Manor is still his home. Edith, your example has pointed out my errors."

Edith silently kissed her father, and went off to write two letters; one which was to carry gladness to a quiet little home in the North country, and the other to the brother far away upon the bloody battle-fields of Crimea.

In a few days, Edith, again blooming and happy, was domiciled at the Manor for a long visit. Mr. Melbourne grew rapidly convalescent. His manner was now as kind and warm as it had formerly been cold and repellant.

The days wore on; Christmas was fast approaching. Mr. Melbourne had from childhood dreamed the wish that the once divided family should again meet in the old home upon that day. The Crimea campaign had drawn to a close. Numbers of brave and gallant soldiers were returning to their motherland, but still no tidings had been received from Robert Melbourne; none knew if he were numbered with the living or the dead.

It was Christmas Eve. The Manor drawing-room looked very bright and cheerful, with its drawn curtains and glowing fire. Mr. Melbourne occupied a large arm chair, and Edith sat on a cushion at his feet. Edith, beautiful and sparkling as of yore, sat on an ottoman by her husband's side. Each one seemed to appear cheerful, but in the heart of each was a thought of the missing link, the son and brother, who probably slept beneath the green sod of Crimea.

There was a pause in the conversation; suddenly there came a sound of a familiar step in the hall, the door opened, and Robert Melbourne stood before them.

The meeting between those "who were lost but are found," is too sacred to be lightly spoken of. Edith, the son and brother, who had been suffering from a severe wound, as soon as he was sufficiently strong to admit of travel, he had started for home. Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. The family of the Manor attended church. Not a few wondered, at beholding Mr. Melbourne seated in the pew which he had not entered for long years, and many sympathizing hearts were gladdened by the sight of the once severed family kneeling in the house of prayer upon that day when "glad tidings of great joy" were sent to man.

Edith Embury's heart was lifted in thankful prayer. She had endured many trials, but they "had all worked for good," she had been the humble instrument of restoring harmony between those she loved, and her cup of joy was full.

And through the old church rang out "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

You were sitting by the lattice, So you called me passing by, You who play the cruel spider Took me for the silly fly.

Once thy beauty would have held me— Curled of yore, and lips to yore; But the golden chain is broken, And I know thee, hollow cheer.

Vain thy soft words, vain thy offerings, Vain each cunning, sharp device; Love, like lightning, my gay madness, Never lifts the same dark veil.

THE COQUETTE.

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PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Clasp me a little closer,
It is our last embrace;
Raise me a little higher
To meet thy drooping face,
O, love, to meet thy drooping face!

Murmur a little to me,
Thy lips to my faint ear;
Let thy broken words of love
Be the last that I shall hear,
O, love, the last that I shall hear!

Lying thus on thy bosom,
Death will but come as sleep;
Over my quiet spirit
The shades will softly creep,
O, love, the shades will softly creep!

As hark to its sweet night-sleep
Goes from its mother's breast,
My soul shall float from thy arms
To its long, dreamless rest,
O, love, to its long, dreamless rest!

The day dies out in the West,
The past fades with the day;
The future trembles in sight,
The present may not stay,
O, love, the present may not stay!

Thus, seal with thy mouth my lips,
With thy lips close my eyes;
I pass from thy longing sight
Into the far-off skies,
O, love, into the far-off skies!

What I Dreamt on New Year's Eve.

Dear me, dear me! Another year is gone, and I am not married!

This time last year I made a vow to do all in my power to obtain a husband—I have kept my vow, I have done all in my power to enter the matrimonial state, but I have failed.

In vain have I worn new dresses, robes of bonnets and hats, becoming veils, tight gloves, and lighter boots—in vain have I purchased a chignon, a coronet, and a pair of flowing curls—in vain have I spent hours and hours on my toilet; my money and my time have been thrown away—365 days have come and gone, and I am still single!

What shall I do? What plan is likely to be successful?

There is no time to be lost, for I am not so young as I once was—I'm nearly thirty-five! But that fact is not generally known; I flatter myself I don't look more than twenty-nine or thirty, at the most—that is to say, when I have taken pains with myself. There is a saying, "Beauty undecorated is adorned the most," but I don't believe in it—it's all nonsense. Oh, dear! I'm getting sleepy; but I don't intend to go to

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Sorrows of a Lecturer.

For the benefit of a numerous class of ambitious men who aspire to become popular lecturers, I send you a few items of my experience. I went to Southern Illinois to get started as a lecturer. I told my hotel-keeper it was my first effort in the lecture line; that I did not care for money, if I could only get started. I was unfortunate on that occasion, either in my subject or my audience. My subject was, "The urgent necessity for the immediate revival and thorough reorganization of the Know-Nothing party." My audience were all Irish. I got started.

Being advertised by the name of the place as "Fat Contributor," my audience is sometimes disappointed in the size of the lecturer. Such was the case in a town I visited in Minnesota, last summer. My audience was small, owing to the public being suddenly and severely indisposed—indisposed to come to the lecture. My audience, in fact, consisted of one people. He was a gentleman. I began my discourse, "Gentlemen and ladies," but changed quickly to "Respected sir." But before I could proceed any further, my audience arose, indignantly to his feet, as one man.

I inquired the cause of the interruption. "Sir," he said, "the audience is disappointed in the size of the lecturer."

"Well, my dear sir," said I, "the lecturer is disappointed in the size of the audience, and if you will not say anything about size, I won't." He allowed me to proceed, and at the conclusion was so well pleased that he urged me to stay another night, when he promised me a much larger audience. He could not come himself, but would send his wife, who weighed two hundred and sixty-five pounds. I didn't stay.

I have had a good deal of money in my house at one time, and another time, in the pockets of some wealthy man in the audience. I always come home with money, however, I borrow some to come home with.

I have had some large houses. The largest house I had was at Louisville, Kentucky. That house must have been two hundred feet long, ninety feet wide, while in height it came pretty high—look all the receipts to pay me. A Louisville editor said a good thing about me. He said, "The 'Fat Contributor' lectured last night to a small house. His style resembles Artemus Ward's, but he has not got the ease and grace of Artemus before an audience." As though a lecturer could be at his ease before an audience when the audience would not pay expenses. As grace accompanies me, and there wasn't profit enough in the house to buy most, where's your grace?

He said, in conclusion, that I would improve with practice, if I had capital enough to continue the practice. And in the face of the acknowledged fact that I had a capital lecture.

The fullest house I have had was at Philadelphia, in the old region. Every man who came was full of beer. The lecture went off well, notwithstanding. It didn't go off so well as my down-keeper did—he went off with the receipts.

I gave two consecutive lectures at On City. At the conclusion of the second lecture, one of the first citizens (the second citizen had not yet arrived) arose and assured me that I had delighted them greatly. He said they hadn't enjoyed themselves so much since the Thayers were hung. He added that it was the request of the audience to make altogether, that I should stay another night. The landlord of the inn where I was stopping, arose somewhat hastily, and stated that I couldn't stay another night with him, unless my bill was secured. Such is sometimes the encouragement that genius receives at the hands of the majority.

A little town on the Allegheny turned out well. The principal occupation of the inhabitants was to haul oil. That being the only haul they had, I lectured in a grocery. The people turned out in the most unexpected manner. They turned out the lights—then they turned out the lecturer—because he wasn't fat enough. They gave me twenty minutes to leave town. I told them if they'd make it twenty dollars I'd go. At the termination of the twenty minutes I felt something come against me very rapidly from behind. My first impression was that it was an old-fashioned leather valve. Subsequent reflection has convinced me that it was a hose. I shook hands with them all with much feeling. I said they must excuse me, for I felt that I had to go. Leaving somewhat hastily, I caught the sound of church voices in that grocery, singing, in tones of the most pathetic inquiry—

"Shall we never more behold thee?"

Never bear thy winning voice again?"

I yelled back they wouldn't—but it could help it. "That winning voice" didn't seem to win in that neighborhood.

A friend advised me to go twice in the same place. He said, although I might only make expense the first time, the next time it would be different. It was, to be sure, I only paid expense the first time, but the second time I didn't. I have tried again. They proved unsatisfactory with one exception. He never asked for money. He never alluded to money but once. Said he to me, one day—

"You don't care for money, do you?"

"No, indeed," said I.

"I thought not," said he. "I never saw you here a cent."

I know him in those hazy light-fights of wit. You may hear from me again.

Thine, PRAT CONTRIBUTOE.

Couldn't Gum Him.

When the telephone was first put in operation between Portland and Boston, a countryman drove a flock of turkeys to the former place for a market, but not finding so good a sale as he anticipated, he inquired of some bystanders their price in Boston. Some way of a fellow advised him to step into the telephone office. Jonathan entered and put the all-important question to the operator, who immediately telegraphed to Boston, and in a few minutes received an answer to his inquiry, and informed his customer. Jonathan looked at the operator with a dry smile, and exclaimed—

"You can't gum it over me. That darned old telegraph of yours hasn't been out of its room since I've been here."

The operator, finding that he had caught a greenhorn, let him off on the easiest possible terms.



BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
JAMES (evidently saying to himself).—"Well, I'm precious glad I ain't President!"

THE WIFE IN A BAG.
A LESSON FOR MARRIED FOLK.

Involved in gloomy thoughts, a wain was scattering o'er a sun-bright plain; False delusion had made his mind, For earthly blessings too refined. He thought himself foredoomed to know Disgrace in all things here below. And chief among the woes of life He felt, or thought he felt, his wife; Her faults, he vowed hard to say or sing; But still she was not quite the thing. Would fate permit to choose again? Oh! double grief, with it is vain. "Not so," quoth Jove, in accents soft, And bade the murmurer aloft. "There are those bags—now suit your wishes. They hold not wind, as erst Ulysses. But women, sir, besides they show The qualities of all below. Now stand out there a mere beholder. But lift them freely to your shoulder. That which most commodious fits, And to your back the nearest sits, Will sure contain the maid, who best Of all the earth can make you best. He bowed—the pining task begun, And weighed them carefully one by one. This was too heavy—that too light—And none were yet exactly right. And sung and cooed. But at length He found one suited to his strength; He shoulders it—"I've got it, Jove! It fits me better than a glove. In weight exact too—not a hair Deficient—no! nor one to spare. Great me, great thing! but such a wife, And I'm completely tired for life." "The yours," said Jove—"Unzip the binding. And let us see the lucky finding." "Was done—and wonderful to show. Out popped his own dear wife below!

MORALE.
Same burn thy cheeks, proponent of elf. Who made thee wretched but not free. Know henceforth this a truthful adage. The fault's in thee and not the baggage!

Matrimonial Advice.

Our young women are cautioned against marrying dissipated young men, but with equal, if not greater, propriety, may not young men be cautioned against marrying life and extravagant young women, for a great many unhappy marriages are the result of the latter as well as of the former. Foodish mothers think they act affectionately by indulging their daughters in their fondness for the giddy pleasures of life, and allowing them to contract habits of idleness, not dreaming that they are thereby unduly for the stern realities of life which must surely await them. Let them marry wealth or poverty, they will be unable to support either condition. Let them remain single, and life will become more and more burdensome as it advances.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cooma's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AGRICULTURAL SPECULATION.

Agriculture has its specialities, hobbies if you please, as varied, more frequent, and taking in all the pursuits usually classed under the general head of agriculture, but none more absurd in very many instances, than the speculation of any other calling, avocation or science under heaven. First it is *Miner's Mathematic*, then sugar beet, Italian spring wheat, potato rot, fowls of every class and kind, from Shanghai to Boston, oil poultry became a past, publicly, and few farmers run mad with fuel fanatic. Then came the *Lavender Blackberry* and *Albany Seedling* Strawberry mania, Italian Bee, dwarf pears, and of late we have the *Marino* sheep and seedling grape bubble, ridden so desperately, such by their champions, who are running their speculative north-and-south race, claiming such marvellous results for their part, that if we are to trust one thousandth part of all the outcry, public and private, we are on the verge of the glorious era in which the possessor of a single high-bred, fine woolled Marino, has a million *Arcturion*, and one may ride as long grape vine right into Paradise on earth. Now the sheep are all well enough, for all we know to the contrary. And the grape vine too. But where the utility of all this public bubble? If for the public benefit, let every one of us help to constitute that public, every

its merits in that light, that we may all individually and collectively burrah with the hobbiests as well.

In the matter of the vine hobby—we say let enthusiasts and speculators ride their grape specialties to death if they choose, and let us every one, hallow them on in the race. The sooner they are out of sight and gone the better, we shall the sooner come at grape truths that are always needed, and will be until we have the United States a vine growing, and wine producing country, equal to—possibly before—any other in the world.

There is a great deal yet to be learned in regard to vine culture, and in our country all the information in any wise reliable, must be obtained by experimenting with the vine here, on our own soil, in our own warm climate. Vine culture that would be orthodox in Europe, will rarely avail us here.

We have been sent a printed preventive of grape rot and new system of culture by Dr. H. Schroder, of Hoenningen, Ill., from which we should judge that Dr. H. Schroder, whatever else he may be, is a good deal further advanced in grape culture than he is in English grammar. As however there is practical common sense and sound philosophy in Dr. Schroder's treatment of the vine, as well as having the endorsement of scientific and practical vintners, we give that portion of his "essay" which describes his new method of culture, claiming for it the virtue of being a preventive against rot. But, begging the doctor's pardon, we must, in reprinting, correct a few errors of his syntax and proudly, let our readers laugh at us, and condemn the grape story.

Preventive of Grape Rot.

BY DR. H. SCHRODER.

After preparing the vineyard, plant with good strong leaves or first-rate cutting plants from eight to twelve feet apart, in a square, in the usual manner. When the vines come in bearing—say the third or fourth year after planting—take one strong cane of the bearing vine, raised for the purpose close to the root of the vine, make a ditch with the hoe, from four to six inches deep in the row, to the centre between the two bearing vines. Lay the cane along the trench and cover, we suppose—"Cin two." Let the end of the cane rise one foot above the ground, at which length cut it off. This I call the *first reverse*. In the spring cut the first reverse loose from the parent vine, or person the mother to bear a crop of two first, if you choose. Then cut it away to make room for the second and third reverses.

Let us go back now to the second reverse. Lay it across the row up to the centre in the manner above described, cutting the cane a foot above the ground, as before. Thus we have two rows of vines. Again permit three canes to grow from the second—two for fruit and one for the third reverse, which is made by inserting the cane of the second year, one foot from the same manner as the preceding one. The fourth reverse is made by taking the cane in the second year of bearing from the first reverse, after clearing out the original vine to make room, laying this reverse in its place. Thus one third of the vines will be removed every year, making room for other reverses going on till "the day of judgment." (And going up a bill for grape-rot grubbing agent equal to our national debt, we should guess—"Cin two.")

You will have in this way, with little labor and no doctored, every a new and vigorous vineyard, paying in wine and superior fruit liberally for your labor. It may be that in some of the slower growing sorts, other than *Catawba* or *Concord*, you can only make the reverse once in two years. But good healthy vines, in good soil, will be reversing every year.

This treatment is intended mainly for the *Catawba* and other vigorous varieties inclined to rot. When any variety remains free from the same, grow it as long as you can profitably without a reverse, but with me the *first fruit* always grows on young wood. A gentleman across me to-day that it is the same with *Perfection* in the southern part of our State.

I hope every one having a *Catawba*, or any other vine-bearing fruit inclined to rot, will give my new system a fair trial and report the result publicly. Anything not plainly understood I will explain with great pleasure on application. My object is to benefit my fellow men by teaching them how to save good varieties of grapes from disease, and to help the often discouraged hard-working men, and if, thus, my new discovery, shall benefit them, I am content.

Hoenningen, Illinois.

THE CATTLE EPIDEMIC.

The plague still rages without abatement in England. Where the end will be no one can predict—possibly with the end of the last horned animal in the *Quarndon*. The latest reports represent the disease as every where increasing. The number of new cases reported for the week ending December 16th was 8,355, an increase of 1,428 over the week previous. Thus far no remedy cures, or precautions check, its fatal march. Our only safety lies in holding the cattle plague as far away as England herself, if we can. Non-intercourse for cattle should be our policy with all European countries.

GRAIN FUEL.

At first we would not believe it when we read of their burning corn for fuel out on the western prairies. But we are obliged to surrender our unbelief. An old friend, sitting toasting himself by our stove, says just now:

"Ab, I have kept two as nice fires as this going in my house out there in Illinois, ever since cold weather set in last fall, by burning corn on the cob. A good many of us have raised corn for fuel the past season. It is cheaper than coal and makes just as good a fire. A ton of coal costs in my neighborhood about \$15, a ton of corn is worth \$5.50 to \$6, and three tons of corn is equal in duration to two of coal. Besides, while the coal ashes and cinders are useless, the ashes from three tons of corn are worth \$4 to us."

Well—what new wonder next?

RECEIPTS.

Original.

QUEEN CAKE.

One quart of flour, one pint of sugar, half-pound of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one nutmeg, a little cinnamon, one pound of currants, one of raisins, and five eggs.

CULLERS.

One pint of milk, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt dissolved in water, one teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; use as much flour as will make a good dough, flour a cake board, and roll out the cake about half an inch thick; cut them according to fancy, and fry in hot fat.

BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

Take two quarts of good hard wheat flour, and in the same amount of sweet milk dissolve two teaspoonfuls and a half of soda and salt equally mixed. Then add to the flour one pint of good yeast, and mix all the ingredients together and beat the batter about ten minutes to make it rise well. Let it stand ten or eleven hours, and bake in moderately hot buttered griddles, and as quickly as possible. Send to the table smoking hot, and serve with honey or golden syrup.

FOR PAIN IN THE EAR OR DRAINAGE.

Get worms out of the ground and put them in a vial, and cork it tight and put it in water, and let the water boil, then take it out and take one drop and put it in the ear.

FOR COUGHS.

Soak the feet in warm water, pare the corns alive, and then apply a very little white dyschyon ointment, spread this upon a piece of cloth.

Selected.

VEAL BROTH—Break a knuckle of veal into two or three parts, lay it, as directed, in the soup pot, with a lump of butter and one pint of cold water; lay in with the knuckle, a bunch of thyme and two or three celery heads; let this heat well and simmer for half an hour; then pour on two gallons of water, cover it tightly and let it simmer slowly for four hours; then strain it through the colander, pour the broth again into the pot, and skim it thoroughly free from fat, then wash a lemp full of rice well, put it into the broth, slice two carrots rather thinly, and add to the broth, with a teaspoonful of salt and a very little cayenne; let this simmer slowly for half an hour; chop up parsley and put into the tureen, and pour the broth on it in dishing. The knuckle is very nice sent to table with slices of lemon, a garnish, and nice drawn butter, with chopped parsley.

MUTTON BROTH—Take about three pounds of a neck or scrag of mutton, wash it well, lay it in a stew pan and cover it well with cold water. When the water becomes milk warm, pour it off; then lay the meat in the "dripper," or soup pot; pour on this five quarts of water, one teaspoonful of salt and two onions peeled and cut up; set this on a moderate fire to simmer slowly for three hours; then strain it through a colander, cut up three or four potatoes, and the same of turnips, and put into the broth; let the simmer for half an hour, removing all the fat; chop up some parsley and put into the tureen—on this pour the broth. The neck is very nice sent to table with parsley and finely minced onion put into the drawn butter and poured over the mutton.

GRAVY BROWN—Cut half a pound of nice fat into thin slices, and lay them at the bottom of a stew pan or soup pot; on these place three pounds of beef and two pounds of veal; brown the bones and lay them on the meat. Peel and slice two onions, two turnips and two carrots, and cut up two heads of celery, a blade of mace, four cloves and a teaspoonful of salt. Set the pot on a hot place, and cover it tightly. As soon as the heat begins to brown, pour into the pot about one gallon of hot water. As soon as it begins to boil, remove all the scum and pour in a pint of cold water, which causes the soup to rise—and continue to skim well until done, which will be in about four hours and a half, slow cooking. Strain this through a hair sieve. This is the basis of all soups and gravies. Boil and keep it for use. This makes a fine vegetable soup. Boil peas, potatoes, and whatever vegetables you wish, mash them and add a quart of the above "stock," and one quart of hot water, let it simmer about fifteen minutes, and then serve hot.

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THE RIBBLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 2, 13, 1, 1, 20, 24, 18, 11, is a cape on the eastern shore of the United States.

My 6, 5, 16, 10, 11, is a river in Asia.

My 21, 6, 19, 9, 13, 2, is an Oasis in the Great Desert.

My 17, 18, 8, 7, 29, 5, 24, is one of the German States.

My 16, 13, 28, 31, 6, 14, 6, 18, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

My 11, 13, 2, 22, 20, 25, 14, 16, is a mountain in the United States.

My 25, 7, 12, 7, 26, 6, is a volcano in South America.

My 4, 9, 21, 29, 27, is a river in Africa.

My whole is the sentiments of every true Union man.

Astor, Cut, Co., Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first has never been found out.

My second is the fate of man.

My third and last is a lady's name.

Now guess me if you can.

R. H. WALTER.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in honey, but not in comb.

My 2nd is in water, but not in room.

My 3rd is in speed, but not in cost.

My 4th is in care, but not in mind.

My 5th is in young, but not in old.

My 6th is in shepherd, but not in fold.

My 7th is in near, but not in far.

My 8th is in battle, but not in war.

My 9th is in pen, but not in ink.

My 10th is in sea, but not in sink.

My 11th is in spy, but not in friend.

My 12th is in go, but not in send.

My 13th is in iron, but not in steel.

My 14th is in wagon, but not in wheel.

My 15th is in sun, but not in star.

My 16th is in dash, but not in mar.

My 17th is in ceiling, but not in wall.

My 18th is in come, but not in call.

My whole is a firm well known to all.

Alphany City.

MAUD.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in honest, but not in hat.

My second is in money, but not in rat.

My third is in water, but not in cat.

My fourth is in buying, but not in sold.

My fifth is in enter, but not in come.

My sixth is in heartache, but not in home.

My seventh is in carriage, but not in chain.

And my whole is with us for months and days.

Baltimore, Md.

EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An animal.

An explanation of pain.

A kind of office.

A part of the human body.

A kind of suit.

A female ruler's title.

My initials and finale form two boys' names.

S. H. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If two balls commence rolling from the extremity of the diameter of a circle at the same instant, one on the diameter at the rate of 4 rods a minute, the other on the circumference at a speed that will always be equal to 4 times the rate of the diameter passed over. What is the circumference of the circle when they meet at the other end of the diameter?

GILL BATH.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

James Rose, Dan Tucker and Samuel Jenkins purchased a griddlestone 1 foot in diameter, and paid the sum of \$12.12; for which James Rose pays \$1.64, Dan Tucker \$5 of his cost, and Samuel Jenkins the remainder. James Rose is to grind his proportion first; Dan Tucker next; and Samuel Jenkins last. How much of the diameter ought each to grind down, the whole being within which the griddle passes being 5 inches square.

MORGAN STEVEN.